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The Pinkerton Critic.

VOL. VI.

DERRY, N. H., FEBRUARY, 1910.

NO. 5

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of Pinkerton Academy.

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DERRY, N. H., 1910.

A point made by one of the speakers at the Football Team's spread last November struck us forcibly at the time,—“Make Bucking Machines of Your Studies.” Perhaps the statement meant more to us because we, personally, had had experience with the bucking machine spoken of. However that may be, the expression *did* make an impression upon us at the time, and since then has often recurred to us. That speaker's advice to the football men we would repeat, “Make Bucking Machines of Your Studies.” Every school system trusts to a certain extent to the honor of the student. It is possible and not at all difficult for a boy to cheat in class. It requires no great

headwork or skill to copy your neighbor's mathematics paper, or her prose composition. *We* know, *you* know, that the boy employing such methods does not make a success of his school work. *We* know that he will not be successful in life unless he undertakes his work in an altogether different spirit. Every boy has a wholesome contempt for the guard who makes his centre do all of the work, and for the shortstop who shirks his work and leaves it for the third baseman to do. *We* have as great a contempt for the boy who adopts the same tactics in his school work. At heart, every boy and girl does. If he has any manhood in him, if he would be a *man*, he must turn over a new leaf and follow the advice given to the Football Team, “Make Bucking Machines of Your Studies.”

There are no men of American history revered and revered as are Washington and Lincoln. Yearly, as the anniversaries of their births approach, the magazines and newspapers of the country are filled with references to them. Throughout the month of February, the greatness and strength of Washington and Lincoln are constantly before us, and there are few within whom there does not arise a desire to possess some of the moral qualities of these two men. Last year, and the year before, most of us allowed this desire to die without any serious attempt at emulation. Would it not be well to make the year 1910, and the month of February, red letter periods in our life by

beginning to make our own some of those qualities of Lincoln and Washington which endear them to us? There is no one who does not have noble impulses at one time or another. It's that person who allows these impulses to express themselves in action who becomes great.

We are all creatures of habit. The bad boy is bad in a great measure because he is "in a rut." The good boy is good to a great extent because he is "on the right track." The next time you are filled with a love for your companions and a desire to help them, perform some kindness. The doing of one good deed will create a desire to do another, and ere you know it you will possess that habit which Lincoln and Washington had, of working and planning for the betterment of your fellow men.

The athletic situation in school is much better this winter than it has been during the same period in former years. Under the direction of the school Physical Instructor a gymnasium class of boys has been formed and drilled regularly and diligently. The class has been a success from the start, and it is manifest that it satisfies all the needs that a gymnasium class can satisfy. For some boys such a class is far better than a game of the hockey or basket ball sort. It is likewise true, however, that there is a class of boys for whom a competitive sport is far better than a "gym" class. For such as these a football team is maintained in the fall and track and baseball teams in the spring. They will only be provided for in the winter when our Athletic Association is so situated that it can recognize

and establish some winter game as a school sport. Meanwhile, we can content ourselves with making the most of the three recognized school sports which we have—and it will be a long time before we have developed them to their utmost.

The movement in favor of a Glee Club has culminated in the formation of such an organization, and it meets regularly and rehearses with enthusiasm. That new life was instilled into the student body with the beginning of the school year has been apparent in every school activity. There were more boys in the football squad than there had ever been before. There have been more contributions to the CRITIC than in former years, and the Philomathean's membership is increasing. The zeal with which the students took up the question of a "gym" class, and later the matter of a Glee Club, but emphasizes the fact that a new spirit controls the student body.

The value of football as a sport has been a much discussed question among school and college authorities this winter. The matter is far from settled yet, and thus it is that we are sure that there will be an interesting debate when the teams of the Senior and Senior Middle Classes meet to discuss the question of the abolition of football.

This will be the first inter-class debate to be held this school year for the 1905 cup. It will be followed in all likelihood by two other inter-class debates, to complete the 1909-10 series and incidentally to determine whether or not another class shall place its numerals on the trophy given to the Philomathean society by the class of 1905.

Jed's Proposal.

By PEGGY.

Three or four years ago one of the most familiar sights in the village of Plainville, Vermont, was Jed Smith. Jed was a good-natured fellow of perhaps eighteen years whom everybody liked in spite of his awkward ways and blunt speaking. He always enjoyed sitting in the Village grocery store and post office with a company of boys about his own age, but when a girl entered the place Jed immediately withdrew, too bashful to remain in her company. His friends joked and teased him, but it made no difference; he would not even attend church entertainments or socials or other village gatherings lest he might meet a girl.

It happened, however, that one Sunday night after church, Jed met "one of the boys," Bill Brown, and his cousin. He could not escape and Bill seeing his friend's embarrassment, jokingly introduced "my cousin, Miss Bertha Howe! My friend, Jed Smith;" then suddenly he was seized with a violent fit of coughing for while Miss Bertha was extending her daintily gloved hand to Jed and was murmuring a cordial "Very pleased to meet you, Mr. Smith," Jed, dumb-founded, stood with his hands at his side, his mouth open and his eyes bulging in blank astonishment. He stuttered and stammered and tried to speak, the perspiration stood out in great beads on his forehead, he gasped and at last forced out the words: "Er-r, fine evening, isn't it, Miss?" Then he turned and fled as fast as his great clumsy feet could carry him.

Once outside the door, he stopped and wiped his sweating brow. He was still gasping and he felt his heart beating furiously within him. "Gee! but she's pretty! She's no common gal, I tell you, and some feller in this air town will get her. Like's not 'twill be Bob Brock. He's always catching on to all the fine gals, and he's lucky if he's a mind to be, too. Wish I had his luck, but no use,"—and he pulled his old, worn-out slouch hat down over his ears, shoved his hands into his spacious pockets and with his shoulders bent and rounded, lumbered down the street still muttering to himself, "Gee! but she's pretty! Wish I had Bob Brock's luck!"

The next day when Jed went to the post office as usual, he found that Bill had not been inclined to keep the news of his introduction to Miss Bertha (as Jed called her to himself) secret. As soon as he came in sight of this public rendezvous, a dozen youthful voices greeted him with, "Er-r, fine evening, isn't it, Miss?" Jed said nothing, scarcely heard the many remarks that were made, and saw but dimly the mock introductions which his friends were making. His mind was elsewhere; he was trying to think of an excuse to go to Bill's house, in the hope that he might see Miss Bertha, for one look at the girl had not satisfied him; he wanted to meet her again. Suddenly he raised his head, nodded to his friends and made his way clumsily into the village store. There he purchased for one cent a box of matches, and,

heedless of the taunts and jeers of his companions, he thrust his hands into those precious pockets and proceeded down the road.

As he neared Bill's house, his heart began to flutter, for he had caught sight of a trim little figure in a dainty light dress, with a pale pink sun bonnet set jauntily on her soft brown curls. She was wandering through the flower garden arm and arm with Bill and Jed declared that she was the prettiest flower in the whole garden. Just as he entered the yard, it seemed as though his heart had stopped beating; he couldn't go any further and it was with difficulty that he breathed. After a great effort he managed to find breath enough to call out: "Hey, Bill, come here quick."

Both the young man and the girl turned on hearing Jed's voice and both came in answer to his summons. Bertha seemed delighted to see him and greeted him very cordially. "Oh, good morning, Mr. Smith," she said. "I'm so glad to see you. 'Coz' and I were just talking about you. We've been admiring auntie's garden and just see these pretty roses I've picked. Do let me put one in your button hole."

Poor Jed! He tried to remonstrate and push her away but his voice stuck in his throat and his hand remained motionless half way out of his pocket. Bertha deftly pinned on the rose, then stood back proudly admiring it. "Oh, Mr. Smith, you look too nice for anything with that on."

Jed just looked at her; he couldn't say anything at first. Then he began to fumble around in his pocket and after a mighty effort drew forth the penny box

of matches and thrust them towards Bill saying, "Here, er-here are some matches I borrowed once. Good-bye, Bill and—"

"Oh, must you go now, Mr. Smith? I'm so sorry. Come again, please do. Good bye and don't forget."

"Fine evening, isn't it, Miss?" chuckled Bill as Jed disappeared down the dusty road.

But Jed did not hear; he was too happy for that. He knew that Bob Brock had been there and had not won while he, Jed Smith, was being noticed. These happy thoughts made him take his hands from his pockets and pull his hat away from his ears. He felt like a man, and made up his mind that he would win that girl if such a thing was possible, and, though he could not understand why she favored him, he shook his head again and again and said to himself: "I dunno why it is, but I'm awfully tickled that she does."

About this time, Jed began to go to the church socials. At first he went alone just to see Bertha, but finally he mustered up courage enough to speak to her, and that same night he and she happened to leave the church at the same time, and as she did not tell him to go home, he walked by her side with his hands in his pockets till her gate was reached, then he turned and fled without even saying "good-night."

Little by little he overcame his bashfulness till finally it came to pass that he always saw her home after entertainments. One night during the winter as they were on their way home, Bertha slipped on the ice and came so near falling that Jed forgot himself and withdrew his hand from his pocket quicker than he had ever with-

drawn it before and grasped her arm. So excited was Jed that he even forgot to drop her arm when the danger was over until they were half way home. Then the awful truth dawned upon him, he shuddered and tried to wrench himself free, but just then, by a strange coincidence, Bertha slipped again and, looking up into Jed's bashful eyes, she murmured: "Oh I am so glad you held me up for I know I should have fallen if you hadn't."

Jed blushed and saw to it that she did not fall during the rest of their walk. Thereafter he never went home with her in the evening without taking her arm for, strange to say, if he did forget or did not dare to, either Bertha slipped or else her ankle turned over, so that Jed was recalled to his sense of duty.

And now their relations with each other had reached the point where Jed realized that he ought to ask her to marry him, but his bashfulness held him back. Time and time again he had attempted to ask her that all-important question, but never did he succeed in this undertaking. Finally on Washington's Birthday he made up his mind to tell her of his heart's desires. That night, there was to be a social at the village church and Jed and Bertha were going. Jed, dressed in his best, looked far different than the Jed in everyday rig. He wore a dark suit and a new stiff hat, his shoes well polished, and there were gloves on his hands, no longer crammed into his deep pockets. Beside him walked Bertha, a sweet little woman, daintily gowned, of about his own age.

As they entered the vestry of the church they were greeted by the merry crowd of young people and soon they found themselves entering into the spirit

of every game. Towards the close of the evening's entertainment every boy was told to choose a partner. Naturally Jed chose Bertha and then the two retreated to the most remote corner of the room where they could be apart from the rest of the company. After all had chosen partners, each girl was told to ask her companion some question which he must answer by using the words "I cannot tell a lie" at the beginning.

For a moment Bertha remained silent and then looking up at Jed with her large brown eyes, she began, "Oh Jed will you be—?"

But Jed, his mind being so filled with the thoughts of his love, thought she must be going to ask him what he desired so much to ask her, and so hastened to her rescue. "Oh, Bertha," he commenced, "I cannot tell a lie. I love you. Will you —" but you all know the rest. Bertha with blushing cheeks and lowered eyes, gently answered, "Yes, Jed, but really I was not going to ask you what you thought I was. I was merely going to say, 'Will you be twenty-two or three in June?' You see, Jed, this isn't Leap Year."

It was now Jed's turn to be embarrassed and for a moment he blushed and stammered, then seeing Bertha's radiant face, he laughed, and after being assured that she did not mind because he asked her, they both arose and went toward the door, where Jed, turning to his young friends, announced clearly and calmly that since he could not tell a lie, he wished to introduce to them the future Mrs. Jed Smith. Then amidst a cry of delight and surprise, he opened the door for Bertha and then followed her, with the parting words to his astonished friends, "Fine night, isn't it, Miss?"

The School Diary.

JAN. 1.—Terribly busy, my dear Diary. Business and social requirements keep me busy. Those nice college boys are home on their vacations and I have to see a lot of them. Tried to study but I got hold of an algebra by mistake. Made me think of what the art teacher said about the dog. Went to bed about 12:30.

JAN. 2.—Same thing. Managed to get up in time to go to church. The Parson didn't preach but had a pretty good sermon.

JAN. 3.—Last day of grace before the new term. All the boarders came back today except John, and he stayed through vacation right in Derry and the surrounding country.

JAN. 4.—Cold as — Mr. Potter in Review Math. As usual on the first day of school, the wind blew like everything. Everybody had come back except a very few. Barker was one; I noticed that because he wasn't up in a tree digging holes the sixth period. In fact, I guess it's too cold. I hear that they are building a workshop in the Old Academy.

JAN. 5.—Right into the traces now and pulling hard. Just discovered that Miss Bartley is ill with something I can't spell. It's pretty bad though, I guess. Mr. Potter is to have a gymnasium class this afternoon. Mr. Frost is enthusiastic over it; reckon I'll wait until I see what it's like before I join.

JAN. 6.—That gym class is no pipe. Think of me standing stiff-legged and trying to touch the floor with my fingers! Alas, I am far too stout. Mr. Frost

talked very much about how nice it was but I noticed there was a slight tinge of sarcasm in his voice.

JAN. 7.—Grand finale! Everybody except "Chip," flunked in Review Math. Nobody except him was surprised.

JAN. 8.—Slept till ten o'clock, hence missed my breakfast. Another fellow came up, and between him and me and my room-mate we got enough money to go up to the store and buy some five cent sardines and some crackers. Safety pins and toothpicks made good forks and we had a dandy feed.

JAN. 9.—Forgot to get up in time for church. Read all the afternoon and wrote a theme before I went to bed.

JAN. 10.—Great sport! Went over to the depot; by mistake (?) broke the study hours. Ladd was discovered asleep again in English. Of course, the Seniors like to have Mr. Silver teach their history class, but it seems that he asks too many questions. Seniors are going about with mystery written in large characters on their faces. Something must be up.

JAN. 11.—The Seniors went on a sleigh ride last night. One of them told me all about it. All the boys except two wore derbies, which were not much protection from the frost. Luckily the girls had plenty of veils. Before they started one of the horses fell down, and hurt himself; not badly enough however to prevent making the trip. Mr. Silver's ears felt the cold so badly that he bought a hockey cap when he reached the depot. The trip up was quite enjoyable, being marred only by John's dip falling off, and the

habit the fellow on the tailboard had of talking. At a railroad crossing, they narrowly escaped being run down. Watts said he bet that engine run on rubber wheels. Just about this place the confining limits of the sled became quite perceptible. People who go on sleigh rides should not wear low shoes, especially if they have to stick them out into the cold world. The first place did not have any oysters, so they went to another further down the street. As they went along they saw a light over a door. "There it is," someone cried. "Hold on," said Mr. Silver, "we'll go there afterwards." It seemed quite to the point when the sign was seen to read, "C. Jones, Undertaker." The stew was pretty good, only there were not enough crackers to go around. In every crowd, you will find a few people who are always hungry; two were found there, and their specialty was pie (except the crusts). The chaperon, after some persuasion, permitted them to go to the moving pictures, which they had to leave at half-past nine. It was harder packing in than it was the first time, but everyone managed to get in but Ladd. He crawled on top of everyone else and slept all the way home. With only two digressions from the straight route home they arrived at the Village about the time the lights went out.

JAN. 12—Expected to have to attend an honor class this afternoon but they were called off for some reason. Mr. Frost still says gym work is great.

JAN. 13—Philomathean this afternoon. Went skating afterwards, on the meadow. There's a Junior whose name I would like to know.

JAN. 14—Her name is Alicia Lans-

downe. I am sorry there wasn't a social to-night. Howling blizzard all the afternoon, and I think my "downy couch" is the place for me.

JAN. 15—Nothing doing.

JAN. 16—Went to church and whispered all the time. Somebody will speak to us about it I guess.

JAN. 17—As I expected. But we deserved it all right. Someone wrote some ancient history names on the board in Review Math. Mr. Potter said, "You can erase that; those fellows didn't know what they missed when they didn't take algebra." Of course, a fellow in the back seat had to say under his breath, "It would be bliss to miss."

JAN. 18—Rainy and foggy. Altogether disagreeable. I feel mean enough to kick the bark off an elm tree.

JAN. 19—Wednesday afternoon sessions again. Mr. Frost says he believes the dust in the gym affects his breathing apparatus. I guess it does mine, for I had rather study algebra than do gymnastics.

JAN. 20.—Query: Who put the spit-ball on Father Socrates' nose? They tried to lay it to the "Wooden Indian" but he wouldn't acknowledge it.

JAN. 21—Went home for a wonder, and surprised the folks. Didn't go to bed till afterwards.

JAN. 22—The great disadvantage of going home is that you have to work. Split wood all the morning.

JAN. 23—It was too great an exertion to go to church this morning, so lay and dreamed till dinner time. Had to go back to Derry in the cold.

JAN. 24—The Middlers rehearsed their

play, "As You Like It," this afternoon. The Seniors say they are preparing "Comus." They don't say when it will be ready, though.

JAN. 25—About one o'clock some one woke us up firing things at our window. It was one of the fellows who had been locked out. He came in, and we slept three in a bed. It isn't so bad if you are on the outside.

JAN. 26—Sleepy; going to bed.

JAN. 27—Philomathean; still sleepy.

JAN. 28—Social to-night arranged by Roy Graham. Played drop the handkerchief and Wink. Wink is a most scientific game, if you can wink good. There were quite a few alumni; the Misses Blood and

Fritz Shepard among the most prominent. Had several long promenades with people I liked.

JAN. 29—Stayed over this week. Not much to do; went over to the depot in the afternoon. The January "Critics" came; with four pages missing. Will have them back by Monday.

Jan. 20—Went to church and managed to behave quite respectable. Had a monitor, though.

JAN.. 31—Well, last day of the month. I wonder if I can keep up this diary for a year. They say a course of lectures are to be given at the Academy Hall. Two of them are by Mr. Cross, who is one of my favorites, that is you know, in the entertainment line.

Philomathean Society.

The Philomathean Society held its first meeting in this term, Thursday, January 6. The attendance was not large, but the debate was spirited. Since then the attendance has increased continually, and, although the regular debates have been rather poor, the extemporaneous debating has been unusually good.

At the meeting held the 20th of January, Mr. Frost announced that five units would be added to the mark in English of every pupil who would go to meetings of the Philomathean two-thirds of the time and would take active part in the debates. The result was immediate, and at the next meeting the attendance was more than double that which it had previously been. We think that this move is going to be a success, not simply because it will in-

crease the attendance, but because these new members are apparently good members, who do not, when they speak, speak as if they were doing it for a mark.

An addition to the By-Laws has been passed, providing for a new Order of Exercises to take the place of the old one which was not a part of the Constitution, and differing from that old Order of Exercises only as the order of procedure for the Literary Exercises. The changed part now reads as follows:

Literary Exercises.

(a) Readings and essays.

(b) Debate (every third meeting.)

1. First Affirmative.

2. First Negative.

3. Debate from floor, omitted every third meeting.

4. Second Affirmative.
5. Second Negative with rebuttal.
6. Affirmative rebuttal.

Decision.

The chief change is that the decision will be given on the debate from the floor together with the regular debate, except every third meeting, when there will be a regular debate with decision, and readings and essays in the place of the debate from the floor.

The regular debates have been as follows:

January 6. Resolved, That Derry should adopt a city form of government.

Aff. Ivo Russell.

Neg. Jerome Mears.

Decision Aff.

January 20. Resolved, That every citizen of the United States should serve at least two years in the militia.

Aff. Rachael Knight.

Neg. Frank Salner.

Decision Aff.

January 27. Resolved, That study hours should be abolished.

Aff. Roy C. Graham.

Neg. John E. Miltimore.

Decision Neg.

A Simple Method of Translating the Latin Sentence.

[This was received a short time since from Joseph Dana Bartley of Burlington, Vt., an old friend of many in our upper classes, "for the CRITIC."—EDITOR]

In dealing with the English sentence, one must know its meaning before he can parse the words. With the Latin sentence, one must parse his words in order to determine the meaning of the sentence.

On this principle, the following is a simple method in translating Latin, or any other inflectable language.

Before translating a word, one must know four things about it:

First—Its part of speech and *general*

meaning.

Second—Its grammatical form.

Third—Its relation to some other word or words in the sentence.

Fourth—Its *exact* meaning as determined by its form.

Dealing with the sentence on this plan, the translator is as sure of a correct translation, as he is of the answer in adding a column of figures.

Alumni Department

Alumni Notes.

(* Denotes non-graduate, year given being last of attendance.)

'70. Chief Justice Frank N. Parsons is the president of the association connected with the new hospital at Franklin, N. H.

'70s. Hon. S. W. McCall has intro-

duced a bill in Congress to create a commission on historical publications. Chas. Francis Adams of Boston and Capt. Mahan advocated such a commission before the committee.

'70s. Mrs. Emma (Parmerton) Olmstead, who was in Rome when the ceremonies took place at the canonization of

Joan of Arc, is living at Taftsville. The place where she lives was the home of the original Taft family, and she can trace her ancestry to that of the President.

'86. Miss Lillian B. Poor, Kindergarten, Bowditch district, is one of the fifty one delegates chosen to attend the Boston teachers' convention on pensions.

Faculty '86. Miss Elizabeth F. Billings has reached her home in Pasadena, Cal., after several delays occasioned by two train wrecks, and one wash-out.

'90. Rev. Nicholas Van der Pyl addressed the Haverhill Mothers' club on "Home Rule in America." Mr. Van der Pyl is a fine speaker, and was able to put his audience in the best of humor by the amusing stories he related and the funny situations he depicted. He told of the large number who come to America to make a home. He also deplored the fact that there should be any race distinction, believing that each man should be judged individually rather than from a racial standpoint. His illustrations were apt and in harmony with the ideas expressed.

'91. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Colby, (Nellie F. Upton) are well contented with their new home in Southern Pines, N. C. Mr. Colby is there established in business. They report that the week following Christmas was the coldest yet experienced in that section.

'93. Lieut. A. L. Parsons is now at Annapolis, Md.

'00. Miss Nellie E. Webster is meet-

ing with great success in her school at Durham, N. H.

Faculty '00. Raymond McFarland, A. M., is now assistant professor of secondary education at Middlebury college, Middlebury, Vt.

'06. Among the winners of academic distinction at Harvard College was Isaac Watts Gross of Windham, N. H., a junior, who received a Sales scholarship.

'07. Miss Helen L. Melvin was the accompanist, January 19, at the concert given by the Choral club, Derry.

'07. Miss Helen E. Clement is the teacher in District No. 4, Derry, N. H.

'08. Miss Sylvia Dinsmoor has been in the Beacon Hill Hospital, Manchester, for appendicitis. Her many friends are rejoiced to learn of her recovery.

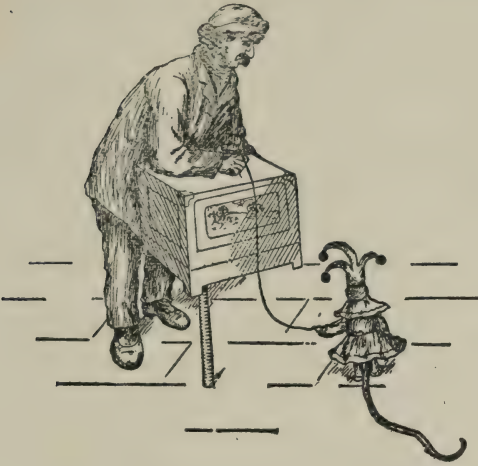
Faculty '10. Mrs. E. E. Pettee (Carrie Clark) has been substituting for Miss S. D. Bartley at Pinkerton.

Faculty '10. Miss Mary M. Poor is to chaperon the young ladies of the Merimack, Mass., High School in March, on their trip to Washington.

The Boston Alumni Committee is making preparations for the biennial reunion. The committee is composed of Robert L. O'Brien (chairman), Miss Alice B. Poor (secretary), J. Warren Bailey and Everett W. Boyd.

Engagements.

'07. Miss Anna M. Barndollar and George Augustus Wagner of Manchester, N. H.



Grinds.

UNITY, EMPHASIS AND COHERENCE.

What home hasn't a cellar under it? Cellars keep things cool in summer and from freezing in winter. But sometimes the cellar costs more than all the rest of the house put together, when they strike a ledge and have to blast. Anyway the cellar is as large as all the rooms on one floor put together, or ought to be to prevent malaria. Cellars can be very dangerous if rotting vegetables are left in them. I used to be afraid of the cellar when I was a child. Rats like them but swallows build in barn cellars. Sometimes they get flooded in the spring. Then the best thing to do is to wait till they go down. They remind me of the Nile river. Come let us sit on the cellar stairs and examine this cellar. Over in one corner is a barrel of apples with the apples not so good at the bottom as they are at the top. The walls are made of irregular stones outlined in white plaster. The windows shed light. See how frosty they are. See the rows of preserves. I hope the covers are on tight so they won't spoil. When a house is moved the

cellar is usually left behind. In its way the cellar is just as important as the parlor. Guy Fawkes was caught in the cellar.

WYNKYN DE WORDE.

M. M. F. '10—"C'était un torrent de chair vivante." "It was a torrent of living chair(s)."

H. O. H. '10 (reciting "Extase")—"Pas un nuage . . ."

Miss P.—"Dans le mer?"

H. O. H.—"Oh yes. Pas un nuage dans le mer . . ."

Then everybody laughed.

History I. C.: Miss B.—"What kind of tragedies did Sophocles write?"

R. I. M. '13—"Er-r Comedies."

"Pinkerton hain't got no statues"—so says H. R. '13, a member of Pinkerton Academy and a student in the English class!!

F. G. '13 (reciting History)—"The Greeks were armed with —"

R. K. '13—"tooth-picks."

What kind of weather is it to-morrow, Miriam?

G. W. G. '12 (looking at the Critic's

new cover)—“Gee! our CRITIC’s cover is better than the covers of other schools’ CRITICS.”

Teacher—“If the top of a hill is the summit (you know summit comes from the Latin, summus) what is the bottom of a hill?”

Junior (remembering that minus is the opposite of summus)—“The minnit (minute) of a hill.”

I. F. ’10—“Les instruments de l’orchestre eclataient comme autant de tonnerres.”

“The orchestra played like thunder.”

L. P. M. in Algebra I. C.—“\$48,000,000 is the number of people on the farms.”

Teacher—“What are the products of Denmark?”

H. J. B.—“They raise BUTTER.”

E. A. N. ’10—“The United States

raised money by putting ‘revenue’ on imports.”

Those Senior Teachers!

Teacher—“Were you tardy yesterday morning?”

Toohar—“No. I came in late.”

H. O. H. ’10 (translating French at sight)—“Passe-partout had taken his hands in his head.”

Doubtless Ned was trying to increase our vocabularies when he gave us the word “blazonary” in Latin class.

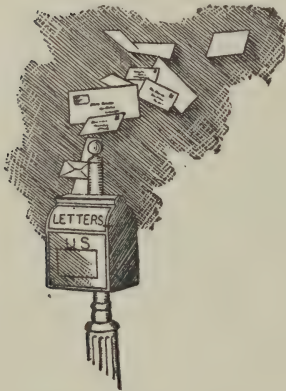
L. H. B.—“Brice says Football is a study the same as Latin or Greek; what did he mark you in it?

L. E. (looking on his jersey)—“P.”

H. O. H. ’10—“La corvette etait construite avec deux fins.”

“The corvette was constructed with two fins.”

Ask C. M. L. ’10 about a “tackful” man and a girl with “dislevelled” hair.



Many of our ambitious sayings are failures. What is more, many a pretentious joke is more injurious to the Grinds, or whatever that part of a school paper is called which is devoted to the laughable happenings in and around school, than

an unpretentious one is: for the unpretentious can only add to that department useless lumber, while the pretentious failure to be funny is disgusting and unendurable. Cheap jokes are frequently seen in our exchanges, dull ones continu-

Exchanges.

ally. Cheap jokes, or even worse, personal attacks on pupils and especially on teachers, should always be thrown out; that which is neither good nor bad should follow, and then, a small quantity of real humor being left, the department of Grinds begins to be what it should be.

The college papers with which we exchange we consider very interesting, even if run along different lines from our own paper. Of course, they contain no literary, grind, or exchange departments, but still, while written usually to inform the alumni what their college is doing, they tell high school boys preparing for college about what they are going to participate in.

The Radiator, Somerville High School, Boston, Mass., has a plan which we think could be taken up by other schools with profit. The March issue is going to be written by, and devoted to, the alumni. It also contains two quite imaginative stories, "The Prodigal," and, "Fifty Years Ago 'To-Night."

The Karux, Phillipsburg, N. J., needs a more serious tone and a longer Literary department. The upset ink-bottle, the crumpled and blotted paper, the wide-spread pen, the rounded shoulders and lowered head, do not, in our opinion, make a good picture to head the editorial column with.

The Crimson and White, Gloucester, Mass., contains a good description of the seasons on a New England hillside. We certainly wish the new editorial board success in the work of reorganizing the paper, and giving it a new start. It would be a great mistake to discontinue *The Crimson and White*.

The Richards, Newport, N. H., has a

column devoted to the Lyceum. We think it would be a good plan for all school papers to print reports of whatever literary work may be going on. The essay, "The Storming of the Bastile," was good, and represents a very interesting, but seldom seen, form of composition. History is worth reading.

The poems, "The School Girl's Satire," in the *Review*, Hamilton, Ohio, and "The New Engineer," in the *Clarion*, West Roxbury, Mass., were both good, in their respective lines. The story, "School in the year 2000 A. D.," in the *Clarion*, is sadly lacking, when judged by the old standard, that what is common in experience, and uncommon in writing, makes a good story. Nobody has experienced school life in 2000 A. D., and nearly everybody has been writing about what will be experienced then. We are decidedly tired of trips to the north pole by air ship, and theme correcting machines.

The Tattler, Nashua, N. H., seems rather meager in every department except the exchange. The exchange editor's contribution of two and a half pages must have been a great relief to the editor-in-chief.

Alpha, (New Bedford, Mass.), *Artisan*, (Boston, Mass.), *Breccia*, (Portland, Me.), *Brown Alumni Monthly*, (Providence, R. I.), *Crimson and White*, (Gloucester, Mass.), *Dial*, (Brattleboro, Vt.), *Gates Index*, (Neligh, Neb.), *High School Review*, (Hamilton, Ohio), *Increscent*, (Beloit, Wis.), *Islander*, (Bar Harbor, Me.), *Karux* (Phillipsburg, N. J.), *Lakonian*, (Laconia, N. H.), *Tooter*, (South Omaha, Neb.), *Voice*, (Concord, Mass.), *Argus*, (Gardner, Mass.), *Northwestern University Bulletin*, (Evanston, Ill.), *Mercury*, (Milwaukee,

Wis.), *Tufts Weekly*, (Boston, Mass.), *Richards*, (Newport. N. H.), *Fair Play*, (Central City, Neb.), *Orange and Black*, (Marlborough, Mass.), *Allen Tattler*, (West Newton, Mass.), *L. H. S. Quarterly*, (Lewiston, Me.), *Lilliputian*, (Canton, N. Y.), *Lookout*, (Derby, Conn.), *Megaphone*, (Franklin, Mass.), *Mirror*, (Waltham, Mass.), *New Hampshire College Monthly*, (Durham, N. H.), *Now and Then*, (St. Paul, Minn.), *Oracle*, (Bangor, Me.), *Quarterly Tattler*, (New York, N. Y.), *Radiator*, (Somerville, Mass.), *Red and Black*, (Claremont, N. H.), *Res Academicæ*, (Wilkes-Barre, Pa.), *Revielle*, (Northfield, Vt.), *School Life*, (Melrose, Mass.), *Student's Review*, (Northampton, Mass.), *Tattler*, (Nashua, N. H.), *Vermont Academy Life*, (Saxton's River, Vt.), *Voice*, (New London, N. H.), *Volunteer*, (Concord, N. H.), *Vox Studentis*, (Union City, Tenn.), *E. L. H. S. Oracle*, (Auburn, Me.), *Tuftonian*, (Boston, Mass.), *Red and Gray*, (Fitchburg, Mass.), *Owl*, (Wellsville, N. Y.), *Spectator*, (Johnston, Pa.), *Round Up*, (Great Falls, Montana), *Academician*, (Pembroke, N. H.), *Angelus*, (New Orleans, La.), *Kimball Union*, (Meriden, N. H.), *Shad*, (Fairbault, Minn.), *Review*, (Lowell, Mass.).

College Notes.

The Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N. Y., which is the oldest school of engineering to be established in any English speaking country, has completed a new laboratory for the departments of Mechanical and Electrical Engineering at a cost of \$415,000. This building was erected with part of the million dollars given by Mrs. Russell Sage. It is the fourth new building erected by the Institute within the last four years.

Many new machines have been installed in the laboratories for the tests of the strength of materials, one of these having a capacity of one million, two hundred thousand pounds.

The new club house and the athletic field which contains a baseball diamond, foot-ball field, tennis courts and running track, are situated on the campus adjacent to the buildings and are therefore easy of access for students wishing to use them.

The Institute gives courses in Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering and General Science, leading to the degrees, Civil Engineer (C. E.), Mechanical Engineer (M. E.) Electrical Engineer (E. E.) and Bachelor of Science (B. S.). During the past four years the number of students at the school has increased from 225 to 670.

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